

## Forces

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# Meadowbank Rd

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## Meadowbank Rd

### **Erratum**

Featured Poet



**SHADOWS** Donna Gors

## MEADOWBANK RD

Michael Raffaele

Featured Poet

An Elton song  
That reminds me of Grandma's.  
The must of the pullout-  
Maroon checkered.  
Sounds of Jackie Gleason and flashes of the honey moon.

Days of ocean salt.  
Aged pool house with the smell of  
A thousand chlorine tablets  
Rotting in July.

The bubbling porch top  
Hot on the sole.  
Rusted legs and paint chips  
Stripped away by a sound of the Atlantic.

The pier that later fell-  
A perch for the blues-  
The vermin of the sea.

The lighthouse I heard everyday and touched only once-  
Overlooking the stones of the water break-  
Where wealthy men fished and their poor wives wined.

Over the wall the privileged kids of summer  
A world away as I played soccer alone in the yard.

At night-  
Broken bottles in the sand pit.  
Picking up trash of the drunk and affluent-  
Who laughed in the ocean breeze  
As Ben E King sang to me for the first time about  
when the land is dark and the moon is the only "life."

Walking the shoreline of low tide-  
Skipping old tiles of rich houses made rich again.

The spring board where I leapt into the breaks  
And dodged the man-o-war rolling in the storm.

The harbor I loathed-  
Where I was pushed into a school of teething  
bastards.

The rocky point I was told to call home  
For seven years.